

LINCOLN STEFFENS

HIS COLUMN

"The panic's over; the depression has just begun."

Do you remember that soon after the beginning, in 1929, of the depression, it was predicted that "if this keeps up long enough some one would begin to think." After this election, a couple of other fellows recalled how one day after the election of T. Roosevelt, a conductor dropped off his train at a Kansas station and, seeing a Democrat, said: "Well, I see you voted for Roosevelt after all."

"I did not," retorted the solid Democrat.

"Well, but somebody did," said the conductor, jumping back on his train.

There are only two political parties anywhere in the world: the Communist, and all the other put together.

Hoover has caught my idea of "Hoover Forever." He talked on his way East of a "return to power." I wish he would. Our reasons are not the same, his and mine, but we are both for Hoover.

Politicians might note well that it was only prohibition that was beaten; not temperance. We still want and we still need temperance. And one way to get that is to leave the profit out of the wine, liquor and beer business. Let people drink, but don't pay anybody to tempt them to drink.

Take the profit out of any business we want to curb.

Dr. E. Skinner is recommended for reelection as Governor of the Bank of England

—continued on page four



THE CARMELITE

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THE-SEA (CARMEL POST OFFICE)
CALIFORNIA—FIVE CENTS A COPY



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THE PENINSULA
ORCHESTRA,
WHICH BLOSSOMS
FORTH NEXT
SUNDAY EVENING
IN ITS SECOND
SPECIAL CONCERT
REHEARSAL, WITH
MILDRED WRIGHT
AS SOLOIST



The "Pine Cone" Circulation Myth

One of the most monotonous features of Carmel newspaper practice is the persistence of the "Pine Cone" in hammering away about its Carmel circulation. A nice little fiction has been built up around it, which through constant repetition has come to be accepted in some quarters as true. Here is a typical "Pine Cone" claim, from one of its editorials:

"The 'Pine Cone' prints each week now, 1250 copies; it has left, after subscribers, newsstands and street sales are taken care of, from ten to fifty copies. It mails to out-of-town subscribers between 300 and 350 copies. The balance of more than 900 copies a week is circulated in Carmel and its immediate environs."

The Carmelite has come into possession of definite, positive information regarding the geographical distribution of the "Pine Cone's" mailing list. Never mind for the moment how we got it; suffice it to say that no confidence has been violated, nobody has been telling tales out of school. But we've got

it—and it's incontrovertible—and it's enlightening.

The first thing it shows is that OVER FIFTY PER CENT OF THE "PINE CONE'S WEEKLY DISPATCH GOES OUT OF MONTEREY COUNTY. Newsstand consignments are excluded from this statement, for such distribution in a small town, as far as advertisers are concerned, is a "pig in a poke." No advertising agency will recognize it in the first instance as net paid circulation. Assuming, however, that some 200 copies a week are thus consigned, even if not sold, what about the remainder of the claimed 1250. With over fifty per cent going out of the county, there remain less than 500 copies—not for Carmel "and its immediate environs," but for the whole of Monterey county.

On the strength of the information in our possession, WE CHALLENGE THE "PINE CONE" TO REPRINT UNDER OATH ITS CLAIM TO 900 PAID CIRCULATION IN CARMEL AND ITS IMMEDIATE ENVIRONS. Or even to tell the truth. J. C.

Saturday Night Is Big Game Night

at

Del Monte

Celebrate in
the Bali Room

Ed Fitzpatrick, Jr.
and his sensational
Hotel Del Monte
Orchestra

Cover Charge, \$1.00

No cover charge for those dining.

FOR SALE—Lot and half on Carmel Point. Bargain for cash. Box 483.

SITUATION VACANT for cook-houseboy; in Carmel. Address P. O. Box 500.

FILIPINO seeks steady work as houseboy, and gardener, or kitchen help. Go anywhere. Local references. Address Box 948, Carmel.

WANTED—a woman to share cottage. Telephone Cordelia Gilman, 816 or call at Casanova street, southeast corner of Ocean Avenue.

COUNTY ZONING

From all appearances, a storm is brewing over the question of zoning the unincorporated territory adjacent to Carmel.

Auto camps and a possible business section in miniature at the intersection of the Hatton Fields and county roads are outstanding points of discussion. At a meeting in Sunset School auditorium Tuesday night, a resolution was adopted requesting the Board of Supervisors to prohibit such developments adjacent to residential holdings.

The recently drafted county zoning ordinance applicable to the environs of Carmel makes provision for the protested undertakings but the ordinance is still in a provisional state, subject to protest.

Speakers at the meeting Tuesday night included Adolf G. E. Hanke, Fred Bechdolt, Mrs. A. T. Shand, Frank Sheridan, Charles Berkey, Herbert Heron, E. H. Tickle, Carmel Martin and others.

Messrs. Bechdolt, Berkey and Hanke were appointed a committee to meet with the county planning board for sifting of viewpoints. Mr. Bechdolt later retired from the committee in favor of Councilman Herbert Heron.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

by HORTENSE BERRY

Children's Book Week is here at last. Were it not for the poster on the bulletin board of the Children's Room in the Library proclaiming "Young America's Book Parade, November 13-20," one would be tempted to believe Santa Claus had already visited Carmel, for the tables are laden with the most tempting array of books. There are picture books for the wee ones, and stories of all kinds for all ages, besides books telling boys and girls things they want, or should want, to know. These will be displayed until Saturday, when they may be taken out.

But books are not the only gifts to be found in the room. On the wall above the bulletin board is a charming painting of a shaggy little dog sitting by a chair in a sunny garden. His name was "Rags," and his portrait was painted by Miss Elizabeth Strong and given by her to the children of Carmel.

Each class of Sunset School will have an opportunity to visit the Library and learn more of its use. All children enrolled either in Sunset School or Monterey Union High School are entitled to become borrowers, and will be given cards upon request.

THE CARMELITE: NOVEMBER 17, 1932

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"

Climaxes come and go, but "Streets of New York," the Thanksgiving weekend show at the Community Playhouse on Monte Verde Street, holds the all-time record for dramatic punch. This is the justly celebrated "triple recognition scene."

In the history of the stage, there have been long-lost daughters, wandering sons, and fond, but weak papas whose amnesia lasts until the third act, but it remains for this dramatic gem of the New York of a by-gone day to weld these elements into one tremendous super-scene.

Gordon Davies, who made dramatic history with his Stanford University productions and has kept up the good work in the south, writes concerning this treble *denouement*, "It's the biggest thing in the show. When Mrs. Fairweather, Paul and Lucy simultaneously come to the great realization, they build a situation that makes history wherever it is played."

When Davies, whose early theatrical ventures were in the Carmel Forest Theater, heard that the play was to be done locally, he grabbed a sheaf of typewriter paper and pounded out a long letter of enthusiastic approval, with many detailed suggestions that are to be embodied in the local production. This skillful director left no doubt that the triple recognition scene was his pet of the whole play.

The Community Players' cast is as follows: Paula Dougherty, Olga Fish, Stella Mather, Connie Shuman, Gordon Knowles, Jack Gribner, Sam Ethridge, Gene Watson, Bob Edgren, Jr., Milton Latham, Ed Files, and John Stanley.

RED CROSS

The annual meeting of the Carmel Chapter of Red Cross will be held Monday, December fifth at three o'clock at the City Hall.

At this time the yearly report will be given, activities of the Chapter discussed and plans made by which the Chapter may meet the needs of the coming winter. It is also the date of election of new officers for the ensuing year and it is desired that as many members as can be present.

BIG GAME NIGHT

Reservations are now being booked at Del Monte for Big Game night—next Saturday. The annual festivities will be held this year in the Bali room, with Ed Fitzpatrick, Jr. and his orchestra to enliven the affair.

ADELE MARCUS: A
GREAT PIANIST

Last Saturday night the group of listeners who sat in the Denny-Watrous Gallery heard some real piano playing. Adele Marcus was the pianist, and those who had the good fortune to hear her had a musical experience that was rare and rich.

The program in itself was exceptionally fine and worthy of a recital. Nothing hackneyed, nothing trivial, nothing dull. It opened with two preludes and fugues from "the second book" of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord. How many know them, I wonder. The Bach was played legitimately and easily, as Bach should be played, with a fine control of dynamics.

The Mozart Sonata in D was a joy to hear. Crystal clear, delicate, reserved, it was real Mozart—beautifully played, giving the audience that delight that only Mozart well-played can.

The Stravinsky Etude had to be repeated. It was in numbers like this and in Liszt's Transcendental Etude, which Miss Marcus played as one encore, that the artist was at her best. Her fluid, amazing technical ability makes nothing of any pianistic difficulty. In fact, there seem to be none of these for Miss Marcus. Her technic is staggering, and a joy to witness.

Tone, too, she has—liquid, singing, deep, powerful, but never exceeding the limits of her instrument. There were moments when overtones were heard that made one feel that now indeed there was music not being played, but all about, filling the room and the hearts of the listeners.

Only the maturity that comes with years does Adele Marcus lack. If, as that maturity comes, she keeps her interests extended to include all the arts, world affairs and a deep perception of the point of view of the world outside music, and, as Carlyle said, sees "deeply enough" to "see musically," there could be nothing to keep Adele Marcus from reaching the very zenith of what is meant by "world's greatest pianist."

*Fun**Farce*

TICKETS \$1.65, \$1.10 and 55 cents
including tax now on sale at
Staniford's and Carmel Drug

*Moments of Drama*STREETS OF
NEW YORK

Directed by GALT BELL

Carmel Community Playhouse

Four Nights commencing Thanksgiving

A DANCER'S RETURN

Willette Allen, Carmel favorite, is to appear in a dance recital with Russel Lewis at the Community Playhouse on the evening of December second.

Since her last Carmel appearance, Willette Allen has gone over to the modern school. Her forthcoming recital will be in the contemporary German manner, a departure from any of her previous programs.

SOUTH AFRICAN EXHIBIT

An exhibition of craftwork, chiefly South-African, is being shown in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. The work is of African natives, comparatively unknown, and one of the few primitive arts still being done in exactly the same way as for centuries past, purely as an art expression, with no thought of commercial value.

Most of the best pieces are geometrical, so much so that it is almost impossible to believe that no measuring instrument was used. Two tribes do the carving: the Barotse, in the Rhodesian territory and the Zulus of Zululand, Watal.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

These are busy times at the Carmel Community Playhouse. Preparations for the forthcoming play are being carried on by the staff of competent workers. The production is the "Streets of New York," a melodrama of the first class more than fifty years ago.

The first big job that confronted the workers was a full-size drop curtain. This large mural was painted in the spirit of the times a half-century ago; you remember: pink-green wreaths, fat pink cherubs strewing rose-garlands, scroll, and all of the other elaborate decorations, so admired years and years ago. This masterpiece will be in the center of numerous "tormenters" and side-screens which will also be done in the tastes of long ago. The actual scenes will be on the order of "The Drunkard."

This work is being handled for the most part by the same group of workers as in the previous plays at the Playhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnston are supervising their assistants, namely Gretchen Schoeninger, Edward Files, John Stanly, and Bill Nye. —J. S.

WILLETTE ALLEN

IN AN ENTIRELY NEW DANCE REPORTOIRE

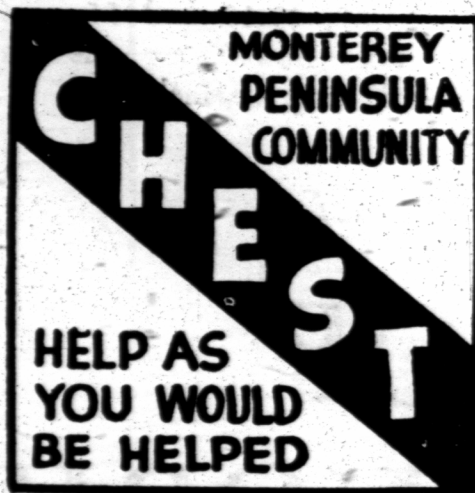
CARMEL COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

FRIDAY EVE. DECEMBER 2

IN A
MODERNISTIC DANCE RECITAL
WITH

Russel Lewis

—(Formerly of the Paris Opera)—



THE CARMELITE

J. A. COUGHLIN — Editor and Publisher

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Lincoln Steffens---continued

Here are some good subjects for debate by grown-ups. I'll take the affirmative against all comers on this peninsula:

- That a plutocracy cannot reproduce an aristocracy.
- That the brows of high-brows can be lifted; or, in other words, that intellectuals can be made intelligent.
- That there is good in good people.
- That the Christian churches do not believe in Christianity.
- That the Catholic is the most Christian of them all.
- That good people are against God.
- That prohibition is against temperance.
- That children should be taught politeness but no respect for their elders.
- That Communism has a surer future than Capitalism.
- That man knows enough now to solve all our problems: poverty and riches, crime, prostitution, graft, education, etc., etc.

In short, one could take almost any common conviction, reverse it and open up a vista of—thought.

The "New Republic" is showing up business, as well as political graft. The American Tobacco Company authorized six senior officers to distribute ten million dollars among themselves in 1921. The president, whose salary was one hundred sixty-eight thousand dollars, got "special cash credits" of two hundred seventy thousand and a bonus

of eight hundred ninety thousand dollars. Nor was this sufficient incentive to effort and genius. The directors adopted an "Employees Stock Subscription Plan," which resulted in the sale to themselves as officers, employees, of thirty-three thousand shares of stock at twenty-five dollars a share when the stock was selling on the market at one hundred twelve dollars.

This is graft, however legal, and very bad, however, typical of big business. It makes our politicians look upon themselves as pikers; spurs them also to take more; and it inflates business with the surprised sense that they are big men who are worth what they get. The only good of it all is that it piles on the "overhead" which is breaking down capitalism. Oh, yes, it was fools like them that showed nine years ago that the political graft and corruption I was muck-raking was nothing to the magnificent, raw rottenness of the government and politics of business and drove me out of my (political) business. And I can tell the world that economy and reform in (political) government won't save it; only economy and reform (and, I think revolution) in business will do that. Not taxes, prices, have to be cut 'way back to the roots. Not politics—business is the bogey.

Whenever I meet rich people I do not respect; I want to ask them the old political question: "Where did you get it?" And I don't expect them to know either. They are rarely intelligent, rarely aware.

They give till it hurts, they are sincere, "better Americans," and they are typically so dumb that they are pathetic. But, then, all "sincere" people are dumb; sincerity and stupidity go together. Intelligent folks are humorous, and, sometimes, humorists are intelligent, or, if not, at least cynical.

Say, that man Aldrich can write. He says funny things. Said my boy Pete didn't have any mother, and now he says the election was a revolution! and against the churches!! Some wishing here and some father complex there. But what of it? He can say it, and that's such a relief. Inarticulate people give one a pain. They have to get drunk or lose half their graft and the rest of have to go through the agony of a depression to enable them to get their stuff off their character. But Aldrich, he's a good righter; wrong as he may be, he won't develop rancor; he'll write

THE CARMELITE: NOVEMBER 17, 1932

it right out of his system and come up smiling like his very words.

Fred Bechdolt asks for a new Liberal party, under any old name. No, no. We had those Progressives; I was one of them. And we too turned out to be Republicans as the Democrats must. We'll have what Bechdolt asks for, but let's not want it.

Some of those gifted children who are blessed with the gift of music should take some lessons at the Unemployed Council.

Ella Winter can fly, but not high. She writes that on her flight East he fainted at eleven thousand feet. Several people in Carmel will be glad to know this. Also, that she gets sea-sick, too.

Reminds me of the voyage I took with my deck-chair among the Christian Scientists. They asked me why I insisted on being well then. I promised to tell them at the end of the trip if they still wanted to know. As they became sea-sick one by one and ran off down below, I, who never suffer so from a purely mental illness, I was not again asked that cheerful question, "Who do you love us so?" I just do; that's all. And I wish they believed it.

It's very good for boys to have a girl play with them; keeps the boys from fighting one another. They take it out on the girl.

The girl would get some good out of it, too, if she could only be prompted to see that the kids are keys to grown-up males. That would save her disillusionment.

Soviet Russia sticks to its principles and carries them out, fast. Hating the bureaucracy of government and believing in labor, they have purged twenty-five thousand office-holders out of white-collar jobs and put them to work. One ultimate idea of theirs is to abolish the political government entirely and keep only the organized management of industry. No government outside of working hours; no interference with the private lives of citizens in their leisure hours. And they see and say that our unemployment shows that more leisure is possible under mass production by machinery.

Maybe it was imagination, but it did seem to me that the listening stillness of peace hushed even quiet Carmel on Armistice Day this year.

Election Afterthoughts

by FRANK SHERIDAN

"Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free combat it."

—Jefferson's First Inaugural Address

No! We can't give the Republican party credit for electing Roosevelt much as they are trying to claim it. Franklin Roosevelt was elected by a greater party than either of the two big ones—the Independent party, built up by the men and women who have thrown off the shackles of Bossism and declared terrifically that their country was greater than any party or ism that ever clogged up progress. They also told the political writers that the stomach is mightier than the pen.

The proletariat evidently did some heavy thinking the past year, and it's a well known fact that the brain is more active when the inner man is not loaded up to specifications. Let us hope when we are muchly concerned about governmental affairs, all of us will do more thinking and less talking from now on; and, above all, less listening to half-baked adherents of all parties.

A friend told us that his father's recipe for the best behaved government—city, state or federal—that we can hope to get, is to throw the party that is in, out. Not so bad an idea. Think it over. It never lets the fellows who are in get set long enough to do any real, high-class looting.

As for our own personal opinion, we would rather attend one good, rousing rally in a hall or theatre with a few ordinary speakers belching out about the country going to the dogs if you voted for the other fellow, than listen to all the silver-tongued orators of both parties over the radio. This mechanical age isn't human—and we like humans—especially Democrats.

A week before election we would have been willing to bet that at least one out of three supporters of the President here would have committed suicide by six P. M. the day after the slaughter, but nary a one was willing to swap Carmel for heaven. Lincoln Steffens would say something about the "good solid common sense to be found only in the Republican party," were he to read this.

To beer, or not to beer; that was the question. And the answer wasn't Wright.

We were glad we were not in Times Square, Longacre and Forty-Second street election night. Come to think about it, Carmel is rather superior election night, or any other night.

As a campaign of enjoyment it was a bust. One couldn't get up an argument that was worth powder to blow it to—Halifax. Not once after convention time did we hear anyone called a liar, fool or damned idiot; the fiercest was "Yah," and walk away. But wasn't the Al Smith year one of joy and rapture. Or don't you remember?

Now, there is an election campaign that is a campaign over in Switzerland. Over there they evidently look upon fists, clubs, stones and such trifles as too lady-like for use in driving home an argument into a *cocoon* of the opposition. The day after we held our pink tea, things were happening in Geneva, where the League of Nations meets and tells us it's naughty to be rude and crude. One gang of Swiss didn't like the way another gang of Swiss opened their mail or were peeved about their yodeling or something; and with lusty "Ol-la-i-e-de's" shot the blazes out of seventy or eighty of the crowd who insisted that "Yo-la-e-i-da" was the only correct way to get the mountains to talk back. A progressive and charming people are the Swiss, and moreover they are sincerely enthusiastic about their politics. You see, they've been at it four hundred and eighty-five years longer than we.

Out of the mess of European hopes for their future profit resulting from our election, came one from the Vatican, unselfish and unexcelled: "An understanding heart and high moral principles." Pray God that wish is granted.

In the glamor of the stake races, we lost sight of a nice hot handicap race for Supervisor. It was nip and tuck for hours between Caruthers and Jacobsen; stride and stride coming down the stretch, but in the few final jumps Andy beat Jack to the wire, thanks to the Carmel vote.

The sun is still shining on Republicans and Democrats alike—yes, and on the Socialists and Communists too. And if we can find a Prohibitionist we'll let it shine on him, if he wants it.

The eagerly awaited Steffens-Sheridan debate on Hoover vs. Roosevelt is now permanently off. Steffens claims that I ran out on him, fearing to face the facts; while I say, in view of the returns, that it would have been a high school team playing a university squad.

It's remarkable, but it must be true: the number of voters who went along with the winner seems to be more than the total registration.

Our merchants are more cheerful, now there is to be a "change." That's fine, if they will continue to keep their courage up and their prices down.

We got a laugh out of the election that is going to last us for a long, long time. We have heard by the Press, through the Press, of the "Power of the Press," of its wonderful strength, skill and intelligence in moulding public opinion. How the Press loved to elucidate us! And how often the Press told us of the way they influenced us to vote their way.

The laughs are coming, coming fast. There are forty-three newspapers in this Congressional District; forty-two of them supported Arthur M. Free and yet—John J. McGrath won the seat in the Lower House in a walk. Free's vote was pathetic in view of past elections. What happened to Mr. Hoover? Well, we hesitate to say more on the subject; it's too painful. But the "Herald," our own "Peninsula Herald," that grand and glorious Palladium of the People, that infallible political oracle, told us for many months of the certainty of all Republicans being returned to office; yet—(be prepared to weep, my children, bow your heads and convulse your shoulders)—Mr. Hoover did not carry a single precinct in Monterey. And the "Pine Cone": Ah, well, Perry isn't a bad sort, so we'll soft-pedal during the paper's convalescence.

The Prophet over the hill pulled a nifty on his dear friend Arthur last Thursday. He impressed upon our Congressman whose head dropped into the basket that it is important for a Representative to *represent*. Generally the Prophet in up-to-date, sometimes a jump ahead of it in that clever column of his. But—why didn't he tell Mr. Free that several years ago.

Artemus Ward must have had the late campaign in mind when he wrote: "My pollertics, like my religion, being of an exceedin' accommodatin' character."

Correspondence

GOVERNMENT AS IS

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

Charles Aldrich has been too kind to the class of rentiers as it exists today.

In the dim long past era before the war, continental Europe did possess a class of rentiers whose contact was delightful. I say continental Europe because England, preoccupied at that time with her world markets and with sports (not to win), left, outside of a classical tradition still in existence in Oxford and Cambridge, the realm of the mind largely to her European neighbors.

A class did exist at that time, therefore, whose headquarters undoubtedly was Paris; that was characterized:

- (1) By the perfect knowledge of a code of leisure, and good manners;
- (2) By a real, and not superficial culti-

vation of the mind, that was however, class bound, except in the matter of art.

Very few Americans answer to that description and as a proof, please cast a scrutinizing eye over the ranks of the intelligentsia of Carmel. It is to weep. . .

Americans who have good manners belong to the business class.

In a magazine devoted to the West, I read the truth in an article on the subject of that region today. It mentioned the words "the present mediocrity" and I thought I was dreaming.

For a trend, that is still a haze, unformed and as yet without influence on the body social, is taking place in the English speaking countries, one of the most helpful signs of which is honesty and realism!

In another order of thought, that, however, is not so remote from the first as one might think, the few among us

THE CARMELITE: NOVEMBER 17, 1932

who are interested in government as is and as it should be, will comment inwardly on the following incident: At the Democratic headquarters, a youngish man entered who possessed a quality of grey matter quite above the average, though I don't think it had been developed by the schools. However, being a realist, he had been earning his living, in fact, had made it his vocation, to be a paid lobbyist at Sacramento. He said to me:

"Whenever I took up a matter with a certain senator, the answer invariably was: 'Why don't you take it up with So and So.' You know that what he says, goes!"

So and So was the head lobbyist, otherwise the Boss.

When are the vocational, commercial, and industrial interests to be represented *legitimately*, in government, instead of *illegitimately*? Residence counts for little, in this era of rapid transportation and of civilization that has not roots!

YVONNE K. NAVAS-REY

"In Delay There Lies No Plenty"

To avoid the hectic rush of the days before Christmas, give better service to our patrons and save the nerves of our employees and the postal clerks, we offer

Until Thanksgiving a discount of 10 per cent on our entire stock of 5000 books and all our greeting cards, stationery, maps, fountain pens, art materials, leather goods, metal work, pottery—everything on hand

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We take subscriptions for all magazines at lowest club rates

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A MATTER OF FIGURES

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

In *re* the Mooney mass meeting in San Francisco, your contemporary, the "Pine Cone," is far from the truth in the insignificant manner in their statement of November eleventh issue.

Fully eighteen thousand people in attendance, in addition to tens of thousands of radio listeners, heard Paul Calicotte's dramatic confession to the effect that he unwittingly placed the suitcase bomb on Preparedness Day, 1916. Among the speakers was Theodore Dreiser, who cross-examined Calicotte in detail. Lincoln Steffens made a forceful talk, pointing out that only mass action of the working class can free Mooney. He said, "Now that the Communists are leading the fight, I think actually that Mooney will get out."

Cablegrams sent from organizations representing millions of workers in England, France, Germany and Soviet Russia were read to the audience and received with tremendous enthusiasm. I send herewith a photograph showing the huge Civic Auditorium with every available foot of space occupied—the greatest indoor meeting ever held in California. May I add that not Mooney and Billings are on trial, but the state of California is on trial, facing disgrace the world over as long as men proven innocent are outrageously confined in California prisons.

WILL CAMPBELL

**"TOWER BEYOND TRAGEDY"
ON THE STAGE**by MAXINE A. CUSHING in *"The Peninsulan"* (*Burlingame*).

There is at last discovered among us an Art Theatre. Neither hidden above a carpenter shop on Commercial Street nor flourishing in an old barn down the Peninsula, it must be sought for across the bay, in the straight-floored International House auditorium where is encamped for a night or two now and then the University of California Little Theatre.

Under the direction of Edwin Duerr the players began their winter season Tuesday and Wednesday last with a presentation of Robinson Jeffers' dramatic poem, "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," and as far as this reviewer is concerned they need not enlarge their repertoire. Had they a mind to it, they might go on indefinitely with their highly intelligent and beautiful production until at least some of the many interested in Jeffers' work had seen this first presentation of any of his poems. If Carmelites ever seriously follow up an ancient threat to establish a repertory theatre down there with a limited schedule of finely-wrought plays, they might do very well to see what else of Jeffers can be played—"The Loving Shepherdess" perhaps? "Thurso's Landing"?—and then work toward the reputation of an American Oberammergau using thus the stuff of their great poet.

And in such a case they would be wise to ask the assistance of this man Duerr, for considering the limitation of his stage his production was flawless, both technically and from the point of understanding.

Had the play been handled any less expertly by him and his gifted student-actors, the audience (most of them undoubtedly new to the stark idiom of Jeffers) might have been confused or have taken it more lightly than is dictated by the highly philosophical spirit in which it was written. It is true, of course, that here in this point of a cultured, intellectually tolerant audience Duerr has a treasured advantage; he could not hope successfully to present these things to people uncertainly receptive to the new and the beautiful. But thus endowed he is doubly responsible to that Art of the Theatre which most evidently motivates his work.

* * *

(Further comment on the production of "Tower Beyond Tragedy" will appear next week.)

GIRL SCOUTS

Carmel Girl Scouts will hold a Court of Award at the Scout House Saturday afternoon at three. Achievement badges will be awarded the following Scouts in the various classifications:

Martha Millis: Signaller, Hostess, Junior Citizen, Scholarship.

Patty Millington: Observer, House-keeper.

Evelyn DeBolt: Canner, Cook, Photographer.

Katherine DeBolt: Canner, Cook.

Barbara Haasis: Observer, Signaller.

Helen Burnette: Scholarship, Artist.

Second Class: Nancy Weill.

First Class: Patty Millington.

COMMUNITY CHEST

Collections totalling \$5,295 resulted from the first two days of the Community Chest drive which began on Monday. This sum is less than one-fifth of the Chest budget for the ensuing year. Twenty-nine thousand four hundred dollars is the total sought for relief and welfare work.

**Merchants
Lunch**

11:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.

50c

Sunday Dinner

50c

75c

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\$6.50 per half lots: \$3.50 for quarter

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PAGE EIGHT

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

The supply of better seats is steadily lessening for the Carmel Music Society's series of popular priced concerts. Each day at the Denny-Watrous Gallery belated subscribers are lingering longer over the seating chart of Sunset auditorium, where all the concerts will be given.

New York papers show many pictures and stories of the arrival and reception of the famous Vienna Boy Choir, who give the opening concert of the series. They have just sung to capacity houses in New York and Washington.

The new installment plan of buying season tickets is proving popular. This is being explained at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

The list of subscribers already published grows this week with the following:—

Mrs. Abby Beecher Abbott, Miss Marian Adams, Mrs. A. M. Allan.

Mrs. Thomas Bell, Mrs. Charles Bigelow, Miss Mary E. Bulkley, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Coblentz.

Miss Helen Davis, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. H. Chandler Egan. Miss Helen Freeman, Mr. Hal Garrott,

THE CARMELITE: NOVEMBER 17, 1932

Mrs. G. T. Gillingham, Mrs. Irene L. Glascock, Miss Grace Graham, Miss Betty Greene, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Greene.

Mrs. C. M. Henderson, Mr. Herbert Heron, Miss Rachel Hiller, Miss Ada Howe Kent.

Mrs. J. L. Langdon, Mrs. Jean Henry Large, Miss Dorothy Ledyard, Mrs. Mrs. Ruth H. M. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Carmel Martin, Mrs. Stella Stafford Mather, Mrs. Francis McComas, Miss Nell McKeen, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, Mrs. Herbert John Morse. Neilsen Bros. Grocery, Mrs. Jeannette Parkes, Mrs. Caroline Pickit, Miss Janet Prentiss.

Miss Gertrude Rentdorff, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells Ritchie, Mrs. Lester Rowntree.

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mrs. G. R. Slocum, Dr. David Spence, Dr. Margaret Swigart.

Mrs. C. W. Thatcher, Mrs. Sidney Trevvett.

Rev. Willis E. White, Miss Agnes Wiliston, Miss Kate Wilson, Mrs. Frank E. Wood.

MILDRED WRIGHT WITH THE PENINSULA ORCHESTRA

The second special rehearsal-concert of the Peninsula Orchestra comes on Sunday night next, with Mildred Wright as soloist.

Mildred Wright is a violinist of excellent attainments who came to Carmel a year or more ago and has not yet been heard as a soloist. Although a concert artist and teacher of high professional standing, she has given time willingly to bolstering up the fledgling orchestra. Another local professional, Arthur Gundersen, has shown the same spirit of co-operation and will be heard in the first fiddle section Sunday night.

The program will be as follows, with Carol Weston conducting:

Schubert Unfinished Symphony
Lalo First Two Movements of
Symphonie Espagnole

Mildred Wright, Soloist, with
Orchestral Accompaniment

Beethoven Egmont Overture

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Thanksgiving services will be held at First Church of Christ Scientist, Carmel, at eleven o'clock Thursday morning, November twenty-fourth.

These services include a short lesson-sermon appropriate to the day to be followed by testimonies and remarks on Christian Science.

The public is invited.



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